THE PASSENGER WHOM NO ONE SAW

A VIVID TALE OF TROPIC SEAS

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustrated by C. D. Batchelor

crossed the invisible boundary dividing very-far-east from that which is neither west nor east. Oceania, every one was happy. Always, in this happy, golden girdle of the earth, seas were warm, and sky and water jewel-colored; islands were always green and fresh, flowers grew on coral beaches day in and day

On the ship the decks were darkened by cool awnings; people lay in long, cane chairs, reading, smoking, calling the black boys to bring iced drinks, and watching the matchless orama of the midtropic world slide by. Sometimes they went for slide by. Sometimes they went for days without a sight of land; again, group after group of fairy islets came and stayed and passed beyond the rall; smoking volcanoes reared their dragon-heads; canoes with crabclaw sails and wild brown sailors clad in a scarlet waist-cloth and a knife went flying by upon the barest surface of the sea.

The passengers were very content to take life easy. And they had crossed the line into Oceania, and it was now the Land-of-Lots-of-Time, forever and evermore. Yes,

forever and evermore. . . Yes, there would be a jetty and a port there would be a jetty and a port some day, even customs officers—tickets—trains. They knew these things, but they did not believe them. So the passengers on the liner were very happy, and said so. They told each other that they had never had a voyage like it—not a thing wrong from the sixties to the equator; no-body quarrelling; no bad weather, even where it was to be expected; a perfect ship, and all the marvels of all the world widening out before her as she went on. as she went on.

They were seven days out from the

last port when Fortune turned and smote them. Agnes took ill with Agnes was aged sixteen, a girl like a lily—if one can imagine a lily possessed of a strong sense of humor, and a taste for deck sports.

WHEN she became ill no one thought that it was very much just at first. All the young people were fond of sitting out upon the foreastle head after dark, to enjoy the cool river of wind that pounded over the ship's bow; colds had been caught in that way; other things besides colds, without doubt, for these evening winds were best enjoyed, and most sought after, in pairs. Agnes and an American boy, of not much more than her own age, had been especially fond of sitting out there after dinner, the girl in evening dress, displaying her thin but pretty neck and shoulders. It was not considered dangedous in those latitudes; at least, it had not been, till now. When Agnes took ill the forecastle-head was deserted—to the entire satisfaction of the officers, who had long maintained that passengers were better in their own part of the ship—and wraps that had lain untouched in cabin trunks since the Mediterranear came suddenly forth again. ool river of wind that pounded over

Mediterranear came suddenly forth again.

In cabin 21, occupied by the girl alone (she was traveling with her father), the stewardess had hard work to keep her little patient as quiet as the nature of the illiness demanded. All day long steps passed up and down, and voices inquired at the door. The cold storage was ransacked for fruit; eau-de-Cologne descended in a deluge. Agnes was so young and childish, and such a universal favorite, that nobody minded her friends, men and women, coming in from time to time: It happened her friends, men and women, coming in from time to time: It happened the there were extremely few women on the boat, and that two of them, just at this time, went down with some small tropical aliment, and were confined to their cabins; however, the two others, Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Sign and that will be a sailor's wife," he saled that the every extremely few women two others, Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Waite, also at least a dozen of the passengers are coming out from dinvasing, and card playing, and dreaming, on the liner, this passenger had been with them were "Frided" under her chin, death of the middle ages, which is the dubonic plague of the nineteenth and twenteth centuries, is mild compared with the rarer and more terrible pneumonic disease.

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About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Arthurs, who was a comfo



out of it. I'll make something of you, working to their cabine, however, and miss. Would all the stewarders by the man passengers, kept coming in and out, until the stewarders by the man passengers are coming out from dinder, sir."

Out upon the finding blue of Port correlating the young lady worse, and must stay away.

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EVERY CADET AT WEST POINT NOW GETS THOROUGH ATHLETIC TRAINING

BY CAPT. ARTHUR G. DUNCAN, 0. R. C.

all the experiences gathered from the world war, opening as they did new vistas in almost every phase of our every-day life, none was so vital to us as a race, so fraught with dangerous consc quences, as the one that brought us face to face with the astounding realization, that the ratio of the physical unfit among us had reached an alarming figure .--

MASS ATHLETICS" Started at the United States Military Academy After It Was Found in the Late War What a Staggering Number of American Boys Were Physically Unfit-Every Officer Now Would Be Able to Train Raw Recruits in Athletics as Well as Military Science.

velopment of the physical attributes of its student body upon the same high plane as the development of the intellectual. The balance, or rather the lack of it at all other institutions. the lack of it at all other institutions, has always been overwhelmingly in favor of the intellectual to the detriment and often at the expense of the physical. In the light of all the progress that has been made in educational methods, and with the experience of the war before us, it is difficult to the difference of the war before us, it is difficult to the difference of the war before us, it is difficult to the difference of the war before us, it is difficult to the difference of the war before us, it is difficult to the difference of the war before us, it is difficult to the difference of the war before us, it is difficult to the detriment of the detriment